

CHARIVARIA.

CIVILISATION progresses. Owing to the introduction of French rifles into Central Africa, many natives who used to walk about in a state of complete nudity now wear anyhow a bandolier.

It is said that a great development of our poultry industry is about to take place, and that Government assistance is to be given on a scale hitherto unapproached. The grant, we take it, will be ear-marked, "Conscience money from a robber of hen-roosts."

"It is not unlikely," said Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in his speech on the Supplementary Navy Estimates, "that the Mediterranean Squadron will require to be reinforced at the end of 1915-16. If so, the proper steps will be taken in due time." This is taken by the Opposition to mean that, in the opinion of the FIRST LORD, the Unionists will then be in office.

A piece of steel was thrown through the window of a shop hired by the Union Defence League the other night, and a reward of £10 is offered for the discovery of the perpetrator of the outrage. "He is," we are told, "believed to be a political opponent of the League." The guess strikes us as being a remarkably shrewd one, and, if it emanates from the Police, does credit to that body.

"The Commonwealth House of Representatives," REUTER'S Melbourne correspondent informs us, "has passed a motion limiting members' speeches to sixty-five minutes, and to ninety-five in special cases." The special cases, we take it, will be made of some sound-proof material.

Quite a number of German newspapers which had stated that Englishmen were guilty of the outrages on Indian rubber-gatherers in Peru were prevented by pressure on their space from publishing our Foreign Office denial of this allegation.

Upon being informed that, although he had been beaten by Captain GUEST at the Elizabethan Tourney, yet the judges had decided he was to receive the Gold Cup, because tilting by proxy

was not permissible, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH stated, "I shall abide by the decision." Respect for authority is so rare nowadays that this resolve comes as a pleasant surprise.

In a lecture at Leipzig, Dr. KLOTZ stated that all the ills to which man is subject are due to his error in behaving as though he were a biped when he is really a quadruped, and the Doctor recommended that men and women should walk on all fours. The suggestion has been hailed with acclamation in the Boot Trade.

A novel adjunct to a public-house is being established in connection with a well-known Stepney tavern, in the shape of a miniature rifle range with five targets. It would be difficult to

act as an awful warning to those Suffragettes who go in for hunger strikes.

"HOMEFINDING AS A PASTIME" is the title of an article in a contemporary. We fancy we have seen several old gentlemen lately, apparently on their return from banquets, playing this game quite late at night.

Mr. MASTERMAN has laid it down that it is the wife's duty, and not that of the husband, to lick the servants' insurance stamps. This seems an equitable arrangement in view of the fact that the lady often has the stronger tongue.

In South Essex butterflies have been causing great damage to the crops.

It is estimated that each butterfly does one pennyworth of harm daily, and the local police are experiencing the greatest difficulty in capturing the offenders. It is rumoured that Scotland Yard has been asked to send down a squad of detectives cleverly disguised as flowers.

"Blackberries were picked at Guildford, Surrey, yesterday." The news, we imagine, reached the Press through a Hospital correspondent.

The Government's "Single Tax" Motto—

Outhwaite and see.

Of Insurance Stamps.

With apologies to a fine old English song.

Down in the cellar cool no more
We sit for idle drinking;
Though parched our throats and furred
our tongues,
Dry humour sets us thinking;
While Yankees claim to beat the globe,
Fresh palms are ours for picking;
LLOYD GEORGE'S New Creation we
Are licking, licking, licking!

"The Dardanelles, of course, is the narrow channel separating Europe from Asia."

Daily Mirror.

Hence the importance of keeping it open.
Only thus can Europe remain an island.

"For Sale, compact, modern, detached, six-roomed House, with entrance."—*Idet.* in "Daily Express."

Yes, but is there an exit? That's the important question.



"DO YOU THINK, CHARLES, THAT WOMEN SHOULD HAVE A VOTE?"
"CERTAINLY NOT, EDWARD."

imagine a more satisfactory test of sobriety.

"KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL ANONYMOUS CHEQUE FOR £20,000." Thus *The Pall Mall Gazette*. We should have thought that the value of an unsigned cheque would have been less than that.

The REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S statistics as to Marriages show that widows are continuing to drop in popular favour, and there is a danger of their falling into desuetude. It is only fair, however, to say that we are sure that their ill-success is not due to any lack of effort on their part.

As a result of his researches among oysters M. DANTON has discovered that the sex of an oyster often varies in the same subject, and that, when badly nourished, a female oyster will "degenerate" into a male. Perhaps this will

LEFT SMILING.

IT is the joyful time when out of town
(For me a large red letter checks it)
To sea and loch, to dale and windy down
The public makes its annual exit,
Deeming that they are dotty in the mind
Who choose to stay behind.

"Exodus" is the tag the papers use,
A Scriptural term from ancient Jewry,
But I shall always steadily refuse
To do like PHARAOH in his fury
And fling my horse and chariot on their track
To fetch the people back.

Poor crowded souls, who think that when they fare
Forth to the briny, there to wallow,
They leave in London's every street and square
An aching void, a yawning hollow.
"Town," they observe, "is empty!" It is not:
I still am on the spot.

They picture Beauty vanished from the Park,
Clubland a waste for flies to buzz in,
The Halls of Song and high Cinema dark,
And here and there a country cousin
Sharing with vagrant cat and mongrel dawg
The putrid dust of Aug.

These are their views who shun the quiet shade
And go *en masse* in search of glamour,
Wash in the same sea, walk the same parade,
Fill the same solitude with clamour,
And on the same rock, in a fist like Fame's,
Knife their confounded names.

So let them trip it where their neighbours press
With loud excursion and alarum,
And leave me London in her Summer dress
Exquisite as the lily (*arum*)
And fragrant with the absence, all too short,
Of the more stuffy sort.

For then, when all the obvious people flit,
The town unlocks her rarer treasures;
More freely, with companions few but fit,
I taste the less obtrusive pleasures
With which the Choicer Spirits keep in touch
(As Editors and such).

Dearer I find than any change of scene
The charm of old familiar places,
When the dull obstacle that stood between
Fades and reveals their hidden graces.
London with half her Londoners removed
Is very much improved.

Enfin, j'y reste. And, if some folk regard
My conduct as a thing of beauty,
Saying, "He stops in town, this virtuous bard,
Because he loves the way of Duty,"
Why, let them talk; I shall not take the trouble
To prick this wanton bubble. O. S.

"Her two brothers aged thirteen and fifteen, who on Wednesday swam a mile out to sea, yesterday began their return home to Leicestershire by bicycle."—*Daily Mail*.

Our contemporary might have lent them one of its water-planes for the first mile.

FROM PUBLIC TO PRIVATE LIFE.

MORE CASES OF PROMOTION.

THE action of Sir PERCY GIROUARD in resigning the Governorship of British East Africa for an appointment at Messrs. ARMSTRONG'S has given rise to disquieting rumours. It is reported that other servants of the State are about to relinquish their posts and accept situations in commercial or other unofficial establishments. Thus the HOME SECRETARY is said to have been offered a lucrative engagement as Shopwalker to the Constabulary Supply Association (strictly Limited); Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is considering two chances—a partnership in a well-known Land Agency, and a post as Fruit-Taster to a famous Jam Factory in the neighbourhood of Limehouse; Colonel SEELY has a prospect of becoming Head Cutter in an Army Outfitters and Clothiers Company; Mr. JOHN BURNS is thinking of taking up a post as Trainer to the Battersea Pugilistic; Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT is considering the attraction of an Agency for a well-established firm of Antiquarians in Wardour Street, and Mr. RUNCIMAN may at any moment accept the Chair of Pedagogy at the Whitehall Kindergarten College.

Lord CREWE is a likely candidate for the situation of Chief in the Curry Department of the Savoy; Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, Librarian to the House of Lords, is being tempted to become Reader to the Amalgamated Press; Mr. MASTERMAN'S services are being solicited as Senior Leaflet-monger to a leading firm in Paternoster Row with a branch at Vallombrosa; and Mr. CHURCHILL has been pressed to become Manager of the Dogger Bank Marine Stores (lately removed from Malta).

Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON has been tentatively selected for the Secretaryship of the Poplar Branch of the A.S.R.S.; Mr. SAMUEL'S success with the Telephone has secured him the offer of a remunerative situation with the Ear-Trumpet and Aural Appliances Association; the MASTER OF ELIHANK has under consideration the offer of partnership with the proprietor of a Physical Culture Emporium; and Lord HALDANE, if he declines the opportunity of attaching himself to a certain firm of Theatrical Wig-makers, will shortly be asked to join the management of the Anglo-German Mutual Understanding Society (which is about to be put on a war footing).

Finally Mr. URE is to be invited to fill the Chairmanship of a Publishing Company that makes a specialty of Popular Fiction; and Lord GRANARD, Master of the Horse, has only to lift his hand to become Confidential Adviser to Messrs. TATTERSALL.

A WALK ON WIMBLEDON COMMON.

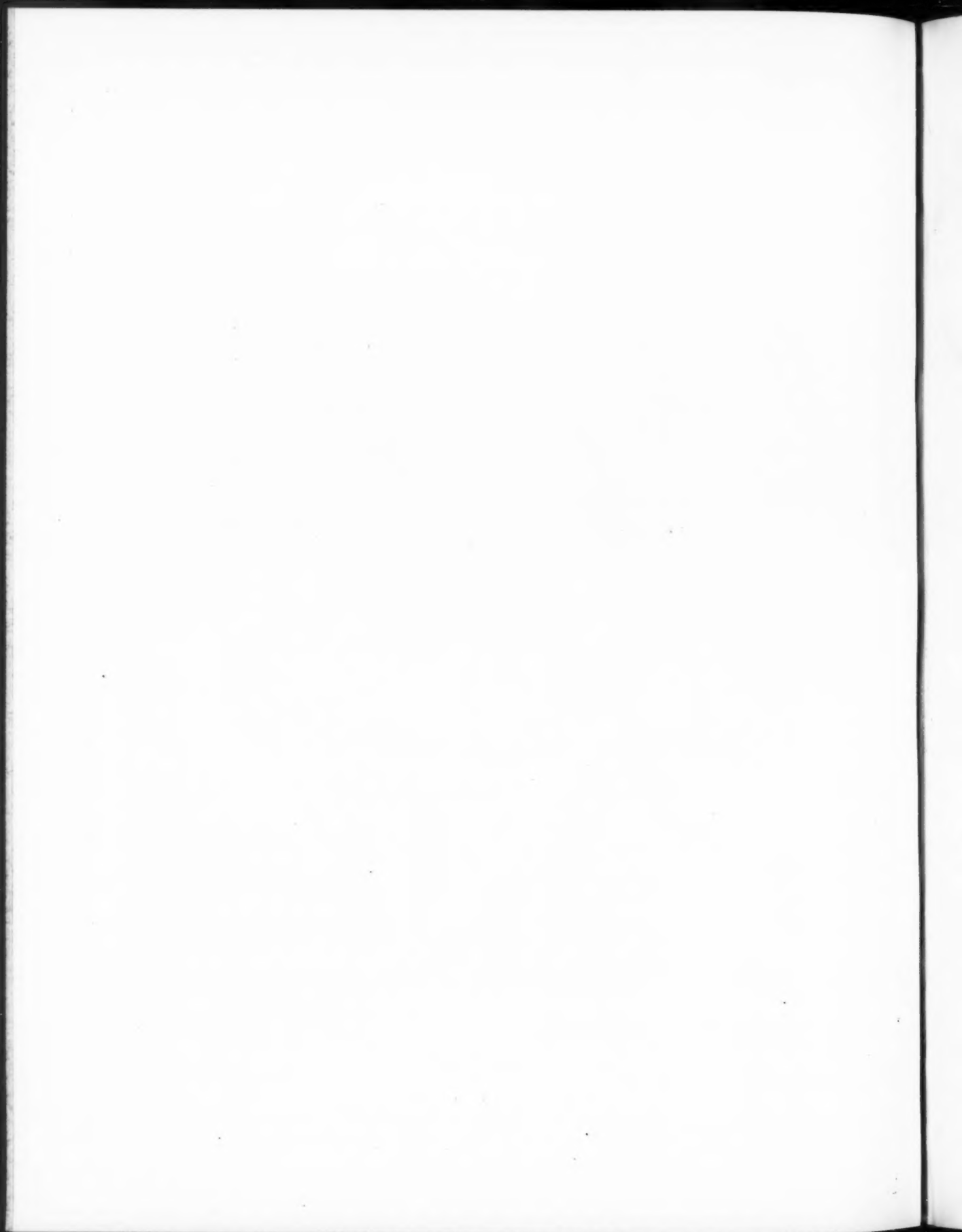
(Extract from an actual essay by a L.C.C. school-boy.)

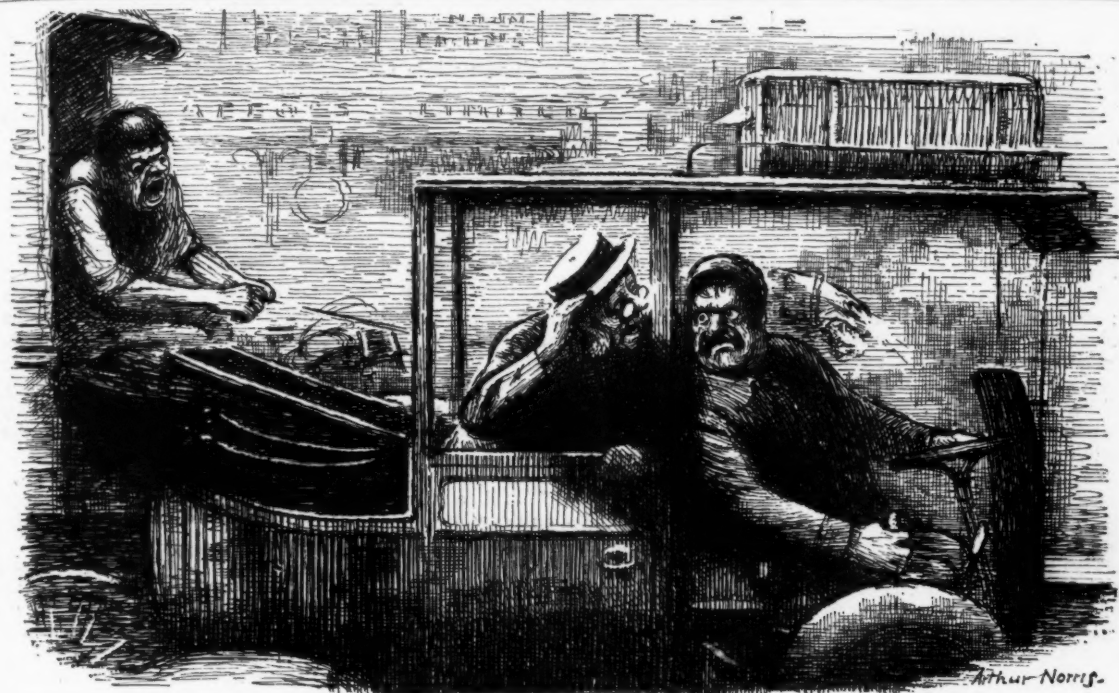
"... We then walked on to where we see a little wood with palings round. Just as we got near it I see a beautiful little white ball lying in a hole in the grass like a bird's nest. I picked it up, and said to my sister that we would have a game of catchball with it. Just as I was going to throw it to her I heard all at once a awful lot of shouting; then I see two men in red jackets running to us, one holding his fist up, and two men behind carrying bags. The gentleman with his fist up had a very red face, and he said to me, "You've got my ball, you little beggar." I said as I was very sorry, but I didn't know they was playing. Then he told me to put it back at once in the very spot where I had picked it up; he said it was a very important match they was playing. So I went and put it back in that little round hole. He then looked real savage at me, and said I hadn't found it in there, but just outside on the edge. The other gentleman, who looked very kind



A DOMESTIC TRIUMPH.

MILITARY PARTY (celebrating victory over Young Turk Cabinet). "AH! IF ONLY THIS WERE ITALY!"





Country Uncle. "DRIVER, STOP, STOP! DO YOU KNOW I THINK IT MUST BE YOU TO WHOM THIS GOOD MAN HAS SOMETHING TO SAY, FOR I CANNOT RECOLLECT EVER HAVING SEEN HIS FACE BEFORE."

indeed and did not speak so loud, said to him that I looked a truthful boy and that the ball must stop in the hole where I had put it. Then, after a bit, the other gentleman lifted up a stick what he took from the bag, and he gave the ball a hard hit that sent it further in. He then said a very bad word indeed, looked at me, and gave it another hit. This time it went further in still, and he then walked away looking wild all round, while the other man smiled at me kindly. The man with the bag then stooped down and dug out the ball with his hands, telling me to get out of it or he'd give me what for. . . ."

JEAMES'S JEREMIAD.

[The Improvements Committee of the City of Westminster Council have had under consideration a building proposal made by the Grosvenor Estate, involving the erection of shops in Park Lane.]

DEAR MISTER PUNCH, of hall the crimes that hever yet were planned

To hagggravate the misery of hour hunappy land,
Hi'm sure you will hagree with me that none is more hinsane
Than this owdacious houtrage contemplated in Pawk Lane.

This 'orrible proposal, this hepitome of wrong,
Flies in the face of Providence, of Fashion and Bong Tong;
When first Hi read it hout to Chawles—'twas in *The Morning Post*—

'E looked, pore fellow, just as hif 'e'd seen 'is mother's ghost!

Hi've known some horful changes since QUEEN VICTORIA'S
day,

The noxshus spread of parlourmaids, and powder done
away;

Hi've lived to see pipes in Pall Mall and Consols on the
slump,

But this Hi call the final stror that breaks the camel's 'ump.

When ladies took to slummin' and to harskin' for the vote,
When KIPLING housted BYRON as the fashernable pote,
I sor the way the tide 'ad turned, but ho! I never guessed
That 'orrid counterjumpers would hour privacy molest.

When millionaires invaded us with noses shaped like 'ooks,
Hi bore with the infliction, though Hi didn't like their looks;
But they at least 'ave risen to a station near the top,
Hunlike the petty 'ucksterer 'oo keeps a vulgar shop.

There's been just one wine merchant there for many years,
Hi know,
But that's an 'igh-class bizness, hintirely commee! fo;
But, when I think of butcher's meat and sich igsposed
for sale

In that hexalted prommynade, my very cawves turn pale!

What, dessycrate with 'ideous shops this 'aughty thorough-
fare,

Where hall the best haristocrats have chosen to repair?
R Hingland, R my country, you surely won't profane
With low commercial henterprise the glories of Pawk Lane!

Happeals are hall the fashion now, so Hi happeal to *Punch*—
By very far the best of hall the journalistic bunch—
To put a stopper upon this, the wickedest of schemes,
And hearn the lasting gratitude of his devoted JEAMES.

"Liverpool is exceptionally liable to the importation of six persons
who have no known place of abode in England."—*Daily Dispatch*.

Who are the mysterious half-dozen who keep on going back
to Liverpool?

"History of the Puritans, 2 vols. 4to, russia (joints cracking),
4/6."—*Bookseller's Catalogue*.

We protest against this crude appeal to the morbid.

THE HEIR.

I.—HE INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

"In less refined circles than ours," I said to Myra, "your behaviour would be described as swank. Really, to judge from the airs you put on, you might be the child's mother."

"He's jealous because he's not an aunt himself. Isn't he, ducksey darling?"

"I do wish you wouldn't keep dragging the baby into the conversation; we can make it go quite well as a duologue. As to being jealous—why, it's absurd. True, I'm not an aunt, but in a very short time I shall be an uncle by marriage, which sounds to me much superior. That is," I added, "if you're still equal to it."

Myra blew me a kiss over the cradle.

"Another thing you've forgotten," I went on, "is that I'm down for a place as a godfather. Archie tells me that it isn't settled yet, but that there's a good deal of talk about it in the clubs. Who's the other going to be? Not Thomas, I suppose? That would be making the thing rather a farce."

"Hasn't Dahlia broken it to you?" said Myra anxiously.

"Simpson?" I asked, in an awed whisper.

Myra nodded. "And, of course, Thomas," she said.

"Heavens! Not three of us? What a jolly crowd we shall be. Thomas can play our best ball. We might—"

"But of course there are only going to be two godfathers," she said, and leant over the cradle again.

I held up my three end fingers. "Thomas," I said, pointing to the smallest, "me," I explained, pointing to the next, "and Simpson, the tall gentleman in glasses. One, two, three."

"Oh, baby," sighed Myra, "what a very slow uncle by marriage you're going to have!"

I stood and gazed at my three fingers for some time.

"I've got it," I said at last, and I pulled down the middle one. "The rumour in the clubs was unauthorised. I don't get a place after all."

"Don't say you mind," pleaded Myra. "You see, Dahlia thought that as you were practically one of the family already, an uncle-elect by marriage, and as she didn't want to choose between Thomas and Samuel—"

"Say no more. I was only afraid that she might have something against my moral character. Child," I went on, rising and addressing the unresponsive infant, "England has lost a godfather this day, but the world has gained a—What? I don't know. I want my tea."

Myra gave the baby a last kiss and got up.

"Can I trust him with you while I go and see about Dahlia?"

"I'm not sure. It depends how I feel. I may change him with some poor baby in the village. Run away, aunt, and leave us men to ourselves. We have several matters to discuss."

When the child and I were alone together, I knelt by his cradle and surveyed his features earnestly. I wanted to see what it was he had to offer Myra which I could not give her. "This," I said to myself, "is the face which has come between her and me," for it was unfortunately true that I could no longer claim Myra's undivided attention. But the more I looked at him the more mysterious the whole thing became to me.

"Not a bad kid?" said a voice behind me. I turned and saw Archie.

"Yours, I believe," I said, and I waved him to the cradle.

Archie bent down and tickled the baby's chin, making appropriate noises the while—one of the things a father has to learn to do.

"Who do you think he's like?" he asked proudly.

"The late Mr. GLADSTONE," I said, after deep thought.

"Wrong. Hallo, here's Dahlia coming out. I hope, for your sake, that the baby's all right. If she finds he's caught measles or anything, you'll get into trouble."

By a stroke of bad luck the child began to cry as soon as he saw the ladies. Myra rushed up to him.

"Poor little darling," she said soothingly. "Did his uncle by marriage frighten him, then?"

"Don't listen to her, Dahlia," I said. "I haven't done anything to him. We were chatting together quite amicably until he suddenly caught sight of Myra and burst into tears."

"He's got a little pain," said Dahlia gently, taking him up and patting him.

"I think the trouble is mental," suggested Archie. "He looks to me as if he had something on his conscience. Did he say anything to you about it when you were alone?"

"He didn't say much," I confessed, "but he seemed to be keeping something back. I think he wants a bit of a run, really."

"Poor little lamb," said Dahlia. "There, he's better now, thank you." She looked up at Archie and me. "I don't believe you two love him a bit."

Archie smiled at his wife and went over to the tea-table to pour out. I sat on the grass and tried to analyse my feelings to my nephew by marriage.

"As an acquaintance," I said, "he is charming; I know no one who is better company. If I cannot speak of his more solid qualities it is only because I do not know him well enough. But to say whether I love him or not is difficult; I could tell you better after our first quarrel. However, there is one thing I must confess. I am rather jealous of him."

"You envy his life of idleness?"

"No, I envy him the amount of attention he gets from Myra. The love she wastes on him which might be better employed on me is a heart-rending thing to witness. As her betrothed I should expect to occupy the premier place in her affections, but, really, I sometimes think that if the baby and I both fell into the sea she would jump in and save the baby first."

"Don't talk about his falling into the sea," said Dahlia, with a shudder; "I can't bear it."

"I think it will be all right," said Archie, "I was touching wood all the time."

"What a silly godfather he nearly had!" whispered Myra at the cradle. "It quite makes you smile, doesn't it, baby? Oh, Dahlia, he's just like Archie when he smiles."

"Oh, yes, he's the living image of Archie," said Dahlia confidently.

I looked closely at Archie and then at the baby.

"I should always know them apart," I said at last. "That," and I pointed to the one at the tea-table, "is Archie, and this," and I pointed to the one in the cradle, "is the baby. But then I've such a wonderful memory for faces."

"Baby," said Myra, "I'm afraid you're going to know some very foolish people." A. A. M.

"U. C. A. O. of C. C. L. D. P. K. C. C. W. I. Council of the Democracy will hold their united celebration to-morrow."—*"Gleaner" (Jamaica).*

Having been elected under Rule II.—"That this Council may be referred to briefly as the U. C. A. O. of C. C. L. D. P. K. C. C. W. I."—we do not feel it necessary to explain to our readers what the mystic letters stand for.

"Almost every civilised race is represented, and, in addition there are delegates from the United States and Japan."—*Mr. W. R. Titterton, in "The Daily Dispatch."*

We should never have dared to say that.

"BRIGHT COLORED BOY, to be generally useful in printing shop."—*Advt. in "Providence Evening Bulletin."*

Our own preference would be for a very smart scheme—say, blue with red stripes.

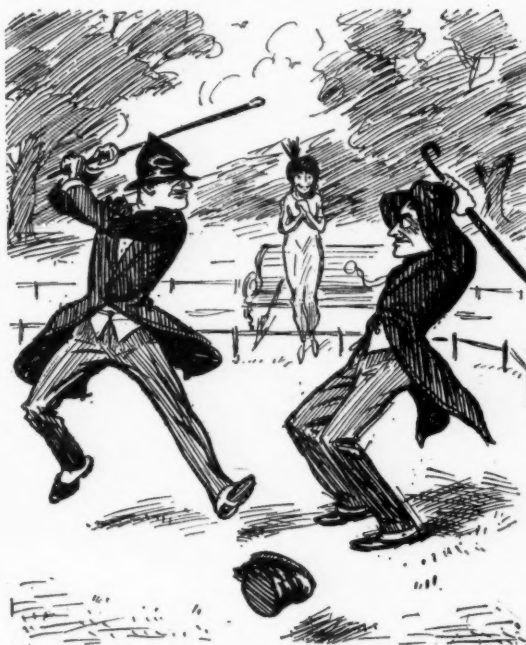
THE EFFECT OF THE EARL'S COURT TOURNEY ON THE "FLOWER OF ENGLAND'S NOBILITY AND CHIVALRY."

No. 3.

(HOW MISS —, OF THE — THEATRE, MADE TRYSTE WITH TWO KNIGHTS AT THE SAME HOUR.)



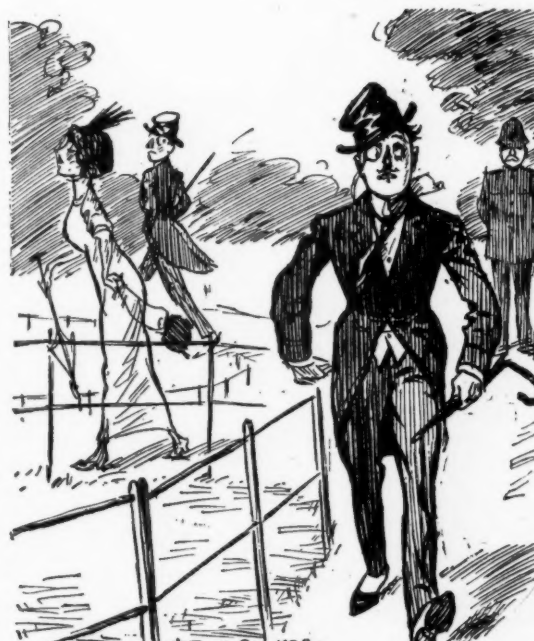
ENTERING THE LISTS.



THE COMBAT.



THE VICTORIOUS KNIGHT.



ARRIVAL OF THE GUARDIAN OF LAW
(POST-CHIVALRY PERIOD).

TACT.

It was during the *mauvais quart d'heure* that Ronalds, my host (whom I knew very slightly), drew me mysteriously apart.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I want you to do me a service. I'm on a *régime* and have to be very careful, and that means nothing for me but a little hock, perhaps. But I have heard of you as an epicure, and I want you to be so good as to tell me at once if there is anything the matter with the wine. Will you? I can rely on you absolutely, I know; they say your taste is so perfect."

Impossible to deny that there was something flattering in being deferred to as a gourmet and judge of wine, and I put his obviously unquiet mind at ease by promising to do what he wished.

Not, however, with any great personal satisfaction, beyond the glow naturally communicated by the knowledge that a certain fastidiousness on which I rather plume myself had reached Ronalds' ears. Who had told him, I wondered. Anyway, he knew, and, although I am not as a rule given to putting myself into any kind of prominence, whether among friends or comparative strangers, I decided that, if anything was wrong with the wines, he should certainly know it. Such were my thoughts in the remaining few minutes before we left the room in that absurd ark-like procession downstairs.

I will not say that the responsibility under which I had been laid spoiled my dinner, but it did not improve it.

There was quite a pretty girl on my left, but her, of course, I was not entitled to speak to until half-time, when that automatic swing round to the other partner occurs. The lady I had taken down was of a maturer build, and began badly by accusing me roundly of being a barrister. Now, if there is one thing—but never mind. She covered her blunder by adding, "Then I'm sure you write. Now tell me all about it!"

Tell her all about it! I was far too much occupied in trying to decide whether anything was the matter with the sherry or not. Was it? Surely that flavour was not wholly nutty: the faintest suggestion of the *bouchon*, was there not? or was there? I glanced swiftly at our host, half terrified that he might catch my eye, and, to my relief, not unmixed with surprise, found

him to be sipping this dangerous fluid—dangerous, that is, to one on a *régime*—with perfect content. I therefore explained to my partner that writing was one of those mysteries that one cannot tell anybody all about.

Then came the fish, and my partner asked me if I did not think that MORDKIN was really better than NIJNSKY, because she did.

I was about to answer when hock was poured into my glass, and I re-

pleasant, it might be spoiling someone's dinner. Should I act? At that moment the butler reached the host with the same large cloudy jug, and without a moment's hesitation our host permitted him to fill his glass. I was conscious that my partner was saying something about *Clayhanger* and *Hilda Lessways*, but I could not attend to her: I had to watch our host's expression as he drank. At last he lifted his glass, tilted it, and set it down again with no sign of dissatisfaction.

I was, I must admit, disappointed and also a little piqued. Why had I been singled out to do this service for him when he could obviously do it for himself? Why had he so completely forgotten his physician's advice? Why did he never look my way? I felt so sure about this being corked that I fixed my eye on him, determined that he should catch it, while vague murmurs about the Five Towns reached my ears. Our host being obdurate, I determined to tell one of the footmen, but, as he misunderstood me and brought me a biscuit, I turned to my partner and said that I had not read some of the earlier ones, but all the later ones, and that I liked *The Man of Property* best. I then asked her if she did not think the champagne was corked, and she said she never knew about such things, but her husband would tell her after dinner, as he was considered the best judge of wine in London.

Mercifully at this point half-time was reached and I saw her no more, but, consigning wine and its problems to the devil, talked cheerfully with the pretty girl on the left.

In the redistribution of seats after the ladies had left us, I found myself between two men who seemed to be old friends.

"Hullo!" said one to the other, across me, "what did you think of your first glass of champagne? Was it the least little bit corked, or not?"

"Not," said the other emphatically.

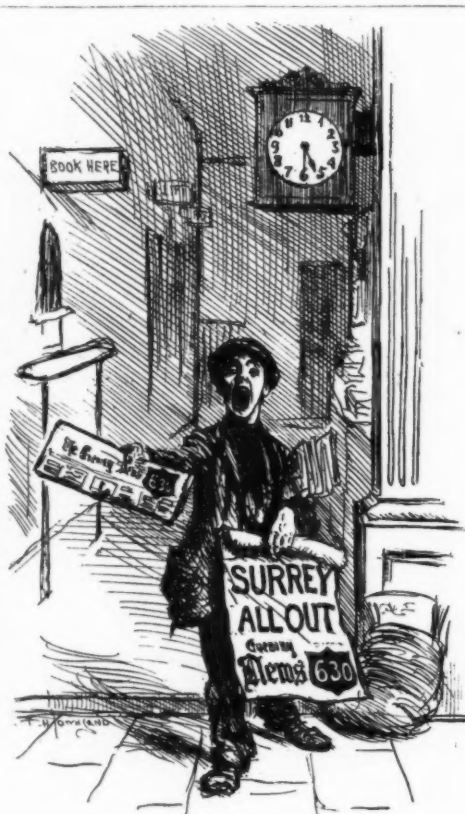
"Are you certain?"

"Absolutely. If it had been corked I should have sent it back."

"You?"

"Yes; why not? Ronalds asked me to. He's been seedy, it seems, and mayn't drink anything much, and so, considering mine the best palate here, he asked me to watch the wine for him."

The other man lit a cigar slowly. "Oh, he did, did he?" he said. "Lucky



WAKE UP, ENGLAND!
OUR 6.30 "NEWS" AS LATE AS 5.30!!!

membered my duty. Nothing the matter with that, I discerned at once, and replied that personally I found no comparison between the two men, NIJNSKY being in every way the superior. She argued about it for a while and then asked me if I had read all ARNOLD BENNETT's books; but the arrival of the champagne prevented an immediate reply.

I hope no one thought me too much in need of stimulant, but naturally I had to sip it instantly if I was to do my duty by the table, and again I was plunged into doubt. To my palate a suspicion of cork was again apparent—but only a suspicion. Yet it was not

we were in such good hands. But I wish you had thought it corked all the same, and had it replaced. I nearly did."

"You?"

"Yes, Ronalds asked me to be sure to mention if anything was wrong."

"You!"

"Yes, he said he felt himself quite safe if I would do it."

And that was all.

And now I am wondering if at every dinner-party Ronalds adopts the same device for putting certain of his newer guests into a good conceit of themselves. But the plan has its defects.

A PAIR OF OPERATIC BRACES.

(From our Bayreuth Correspondent.)

HAVE you, O Wagnerian, ever run short of braces in Bayreuth? It is the sort of thing that might happen to anyone, anywhere. But, happening as it did here and to me, it has entailed a long and painful voyage of discovery, resulting in an unsatisfactory compromise. The first that were offered to me had a picture of WAGNER worked on one of them in pale blue silk and a picture of the theatre on the other. These were beautiful pictures in their way, but doomed, from the very nature of the case, to perpetual obscurity. Then I might have had a pair with a Grail motive on them, or a pair splashed all over with demi-semi-quavers out of the *Ring*. Those that I got finally were really more like thongs than anything else. You know the sort that *Mime* wears?

You see, if you start any sort of shop in Bayreuth you have to do this kind of thing or be left behind by your competitors. You begin by placing a large bust of RICHARD WAGNER, surrounded by massive folds of plum-coloured velvet, in the window. Then you lay in a large stock of picture-postcards, a few photographs and some operatic texts. After that you may add—if you are a butcher—meat; if you are a baker—bread, and so on. But it is simply no good starting business at all unless you can give your premises the genuine festival flavour. The only successful hair-dresser in the place is the one that has an envelope addressed by WAGNER displayed in the window; and the man who set up as a blacksmith on the strength of possessing one of the shoes of the original *Grane*—I won't ask how he got it—has prospered enormously.

Of course it is the real souvenir shops that do most of the business. It is calculated that there are now enough picture-postcards alone in Bayreuth to



Lady (president of village nursing association, to village nurse). "IT'S REALLY VERY TIRESOME YOU SHOULD HAVE MUMPS NOW, BUT AS YOU HAVE YOU MAY AS WELL TAKE YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY AT THE SAME TIME!"

make a paste-board band—if they were laid side by side—nearly as long as the first Act of *Götterdämmerung*. I have bought a souvenir myself this year. I know it was weak of me, but I like to have it. It is so characteristic. It is a drinking-horn. Now that I have scraped the motives off it, it may be called quite a simple drinking-horn, such as is in daily use among the humblest of WAGNER's characters. I know that it will remind me in days to come of what I regard as the chief cause of trouble and unrest in the Wagnerian world. So much worry would be saved if people would only mix their drinks themselves! It may seem a small point, but it is not. *Hunding, Siegfried, Tristan and Isolde* would all have prospered and triumphed

had they but taken this very simple precaution. For the most surprising thing about WAGNER's characters—in other respects amiable enough—is their abominable habit of doctoring one another's drinks.

"Out of forty salmon caught by hand nets at Gatcombe in the Severn in one tide this week eight went to a father and three to a son."

Daily Mail.

We see no particular reason why a father shouldn't catch a salmon.

"East batted patiently for an hour and a half, but Haywood and Thompson adopted enterprising methods."—Daily Telegraph.

Lower down we read:—

"Thompson, c Chidgey, b Hylton-Stewart...1." Ah, how often we have been dismissed for an enterprising 1 ourselves.



Bobbie. "MY DANCE, I THINK?"

Madge. "I'M SORRY, IT'S DUNCAN'S DANCE."

Bobbie. "OH! THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I BOUGHT YOU FROM HIM FOR TWO SHILLINGS."

THE LIFE ROMANTIC;

OR, A SOFT ANSWER TO A HOUSE AGENT.

I HAVE beheld the mansion, I have seen
The place you want to plant me in as tenant,
And "all that messuage" and the plot of green,
And—no, dear Sir; the little wooden pennant
That cries "To Let"
Must still float on. I say so with regret.
Not for myself, old comrade, but for you,
Because I hate to see such trouble wasted,
Because the gods give genius to few,
But on your lips at least I think they pasted
Ambrosial balm;
You have the gleam, the vision (nay, keep calm!).
The world he lives in, to a six-year mite,
With some celestial glory is apparelled,
The house, the stable, every common sight
Seems nobler, and his pop-gun's double-barrelled;
But most, alas,
Suffer the dream to die as dull years pass.
Too swiftly with the lapse of time we pull
Our boyish castles down, or deem them odious;
For you they linger on desirable
For evermore—for evermore commodious;
The sty, the hutch
You once deemed palaces, continue such.

I would not dare to nip wild fancy's bloom,
I would not dare to quench that glowing ardour,
But what about your third reception room?
What was that little shelf? was that the larder?
What about coal?

Where does one keep it? You fantastic soul,

I cannot dream with you the ancient dreams,
Nor turn a wilted shrub into a garden;
I build no temples under attic beams;

I know the fault is mine; I ask your pardon;

A plain, dull chap,

I felt strange doubts about the bath-room tap.

You are a poet, and your brains, I think,
Were made for better things than office-durance,
For weaving odes beside a fountain's brink,
For framing airy fabrics on Insurance;

But as for me,

I shall not take your hay-loft; here's the key. EVOE.

Mr. OSWALD STOLL, writing in *The Stage* on the Sunday Opening of Theatres, observes:—

"Wide and deep is the latitude that has been given to it (the Sabbath) by the cities of the world. London, after cultivating small patches of such latitude for years, is now opening up broad acres of it." Question for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:—"What is the site value of an acre of latitude, in view of threatened theatrical development (1) above the Equator, (2) below the same?"

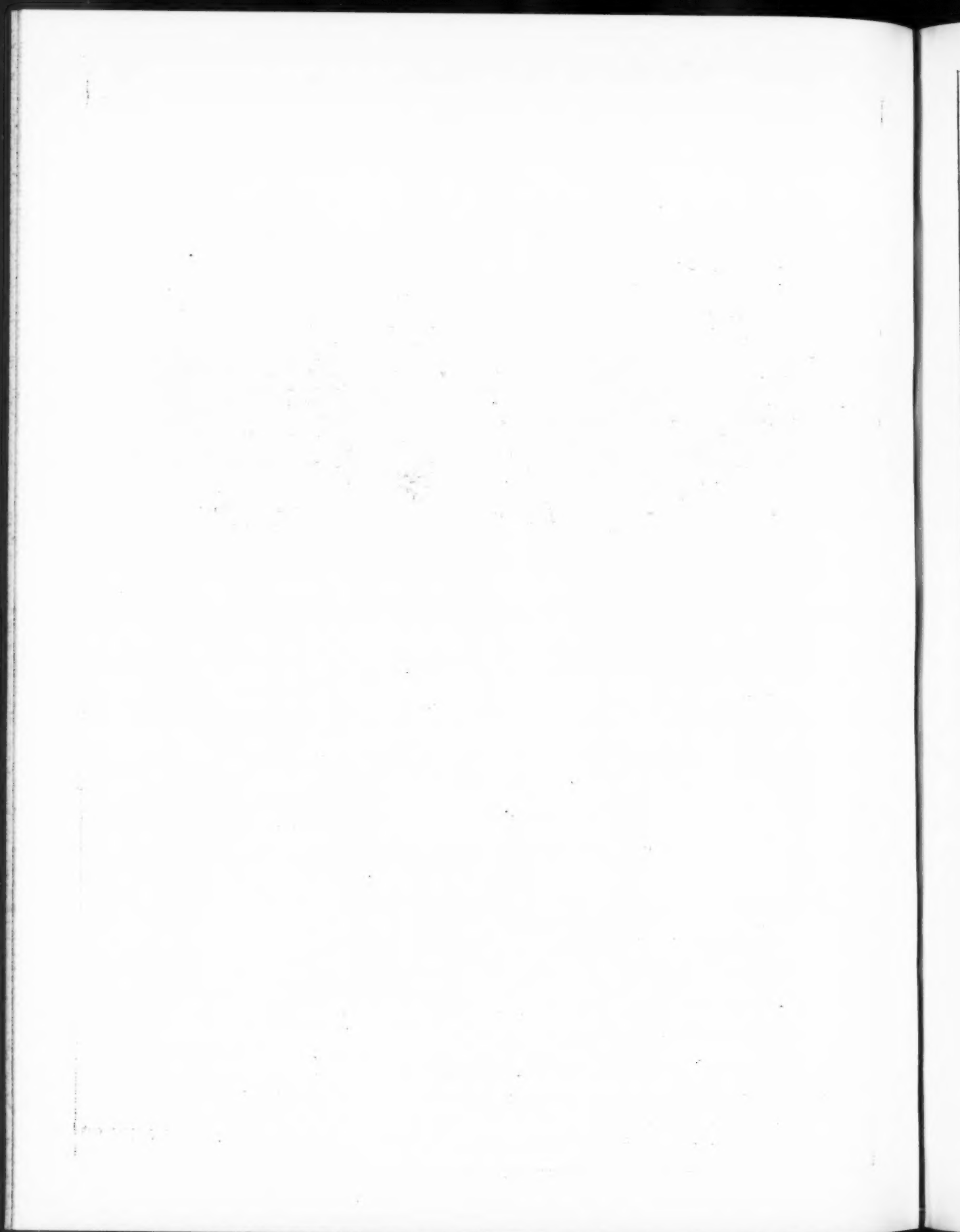


PEACEFUL PROVOCATION.

GERMANY (*challenging*). "AT ALL COSTS I SHALL DEFEND THIS LADY."

BRITAIN (*calmly*). "SAME HERE—AND A BIT MORE."

PEACE. "WELL, LET'S HOPE THEY WON'T QUARREL, OR THERE'LL BE AN END OF ME."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



WINSTON'S EPOCH-MAKING SPEECH. A FULL TREASURY BENCH TAKES THE NAVY SERIOUSLY.

House of Commons, Monday, July 22.—Emptiness of House and prevailing listlessness, noted of late, varied to-night. Benches on both sides filled. All sections of galleries allotted to Strangers, including preserves for the Peerage, crowded. From Diplomatic Gallery CANADIAN PREMIER and some of his companions in memorable visit to this country looked on. Impressed by gravity of situation, hushed by momentous import of FIRST LORD'S statement, Members cheered but little. Silence broken when reference to emissaries from Canada was made, whether by WINSTON, PRINCE ARTHUR, or PRIME MINISTER. What WINSTON felicitously described as "a touch from the hand of a strong friend" was warmly welcomed, the grasp heartily returned by all sections of parties.

Contrary to early habit, WINSTON observed precaution of writing out his speech. Skilfully avoided depressing influence that commonly attends that method of oratory. Had evidently learnt speech off by heart; only occasionally bent over his folios to pick up a line. Through hour and a half he was followed with almost pained interest, and with notable restraint from interruption by cheers or ejaculations. House felt it was assisting at development of a critical turn in history of Empire.

Happily at such crisis PRINCE ARTHUR was available as spokesman of Opposition. He rose to occasion with the

large-minded patriotism the House has through many years learned to expect from him. There was no quibbling at details, no earning of cheap Party cheers by personal attack on individual Ministers. He fully and generously admitted soundness and sufficiency of Ministerial scheme. Echoed with approval WINSTON'S declaration following on detailed statement of Germany's naval programme.



THE O'GRADY'S DRAMATIC TURN.

"There is," he said, "one way, and but one way, to meet a menace of that kind. It is to imitate the policy of your neighbour, and neither lapse into panic nor, what is even more important, relax for one instant the necessary annual augmentation of your strength, so that no foreseeable revolution will ever put you at the mercy of some naval or military accident."

Lofty note thus struck was, with two exceptions, maintained throughout debate. RAMSAY MACDONALD compelled by official position as Leader of Labour Party to protest against increased expenditure for defence of Empire. TOMMY LOUGH, honestly uneasy under conviction that since he left the Government nothing has gone well with it, moved amendment reducing Vote. Proposal did not receive support that justified his going into Division Lobby. Accordingly withdrawn. Question being put that Vote be agreed to, Labour Members dissented. On Division there mustered 42 in No Lobby, against 291 supporting Government.

Business done.—FIRST LORD delivers epoch-making speech. Supplementary Vote for Navy carried.

Tuesday.—Added misfortune for hapless wives and children in London Dockyard district that they should suffer from advocacy in Parliament of THE O'GRADY. Public sympathy goes out to them as innocent pawns in a game

played by paid agitators with incredible recklessness and lack of skill. It will doubtless survive THE O'GRADY performance of yesterday, but incident remains profoundly regrettable. Want of finish about carefully prepared outbreak fatal to success. The genius and reputation of BURKE barely survived the bathos of concluding inflammatory speech by flinging a dagger on floor of House. When, after noisily but ineffectively wrangling with authority first of the SPEAKER then of CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, THE O'GRADY thought time had come for dramatic turn, he looked about on Bench for copy of Orders of the Day. Fortuitously finding one, he twisted it between his hands, flung it on the floor, and strode forth amidst titter that would have been a laugh but for thought of empty cupboards, famishing women and children, down by the docks.

Significant that, with exception of WILL THORNE, who never can hear a man shouting and resist temptation to display his own exceptional gifts in the matter of volume of sound, THE O'GRADY's colleagues of the Labour Party took no part in the performance. They watched the scene in embarrassed silence.

Matter reverted to to-day under more orderly circumstances promising happier issue. On motion for adjournment, cause of strikers was pleaded by THE O'GRADY and LANSBURY in terms of moderation pleasantly contrasting with earlier bombastic freaks. Position of employers set forth by NORMAN CRAIG in brief businesslike fashion. They are, he said, willing for the men to return under same conditions with respect to wages and hours as before the strike. Full consideration would be given to all grievances submitted by the men or the Unions. As opportunity offered, reinstatement of strikers would be effected. But employers will have nothing to do with officials of the Federation who, "without statement of grievance, without consulting the men, without a thought of the women and children, without notice to the employers, brought about the strike."

This being state of affairs it seems iniquitous that strike should be prolonged with its accompanying desolation of very many thousands of homes. RAMSAY MACDONALD with quick intuition held out hand to seize proffered olive-branch. Suggested that NORMAN CRAIG, representative of the employers, should talk the matter over with him as spokesman of the workmen, and ascertain exactly how the land lay. He did not doubt that even by to-morrow morning something might be done to effect a settlement.

Meanwhile CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER gave important pledge. "It is no use," he said amid general cheers, "imagining that prevention of these great Trade disputes can be accomplished by mere agreement, conciliation and persuasion. I am sure it cannot. The Executive must be armed with more formidable powers."

To that end he promised to introduce a Bill "in the immediate future."

Business done.—Scottish Estimates in Committee of Supply.

Friday.—Noting, the other week, the HOME SECRETARY's use of the word "impertinent" applied to question put by JESSEL, I pointed out that the word was used in its original meaning, implying irrelevancy. SARK, who has for the fiftieth time been reading another Diary, written by one PEPYS, comes upon apt illustration.



"To seize proffered olive-branch."
(MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.)

Under date August 22, 1664, PEPYS writes as follows:—"Home and there find my boy Tom Edwards sent me by Captain Cooke. I propose to make a clerke of him, and if he deserves well to do well by him. . . . Find my boy a very schoole boy that talks innocently and impertinently. So sent him to bed."

The HOME SECRETARY, autocratic as his office makes him, could not send JESSEL to bed. But he used the word "impertinent" precisely in the sense employed by PEPYS.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee. On snap division taken in first half-hour majority run down to three. Exultation in Opposition camp.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

DR. THERMOGENES D. COTTON, of Oklahoma University, where he occupies the Chair of *Belles Lettres*, has just brought out a remarkable work on the BRONTË Family. This volume had its origin in the purchase of a number of pairs of boots worn by members of that family, of which, strange to say, no mention is made in the biography

of CHARLOTTE BRONTË by Mrs. GASKELL. Dr. COTTON has made the extraordinary discovery that Mr. BRONTË was one of the first persons to wear spring-side boots, the psychological and ethical influence of which form of footwear Dr. COTTON traces in a series of masterly chapters.

Amongst other remarkable points brought out in this work is the fact that CARLYLE seldom went out in wet weather without goloshes, and that GEORGE MEREDITH harboured an acute hostility to button-boots, to which, on the other hand, MARTIN TUPPER was consistently addicted. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs of these interesting relics, including a pair of waders formerly belonging to Posh, EDWARD FITZGERALD's friend, an odd slipper, ornamented with beads on the instep, believed to have been worn by WORDSWORTH, and a pair of alligator-skin leggings worn by WALT WHITMAN during the War. Dr. COTTON, it should be added, is known as the American Shorter, and greatly prides himself on this honorific cognomen.

According to *The Westminster Gazette* the Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX has recently been spending some months in the sun-baked Nubian Desert and the Sudan, and has embodied his experiences in a new volume which will immediately be published. Some of the Chevalier's adventures, we understand, were so terrific as to border on the incredible, and the liveliest satisfaction prevails in San Marino at his safe return to the haunts of civilisation. At one stage of his travels, while navigating a catamaran on the perilous waters of the White Nile, the Chevalier was precipitated into the river by the onset of a rogue crocodile, and owed his life to his remarkable skill with the revolver. On another occasion he was entangled in the *sudd*, that intricate and paralysing growth of water-weeds which infests this stream, and was only extricated by the heroic exertions of a posse of Mad Mullahs, whom he had fascinated by recitations from his works.

As a protest against the prevailing passion for cheap reprints, Messrs. Odder and Stout propose to bring out an *édition de luxe* of a number of works to which they have given the attractive title of "Nobody's Library." The first instalment of fifty volumes includes Mrs. MARKHAM's *History of England*, the works of EUCLID, the poems of ELIZA COOK and COLENSO's Arithmetic. The volumes will be sumptuously bound in vellum, printed on hand-made paper, and offered at £5 5s. net each.



The Oldest Inhabitant (to visitor). "SEE THAT LITTLE FAT FELLER? 'E'S THE 'ARDEST-WORKING O' THE LOT O' 'EM. MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT I SEE 'IM PICKING AWAY IN ONE OR OTHER O' THEM LITTLE SAND-PITS. 'E NEVER SHIRKS 'EM LIKE SOME O' THE OTHERS."

HOLIDAY CORRESPONDENCE.

PUZZLED PERCY.—The modern authorities tend to the view that one is not bound to marry the lady one rescues from drowning. Personally we very seldom do so.

DAISY AND BERTHA.—To prevent your pretty bathing-costumes getting wet, why not simply paddle in them, as is done on the Continent?

MAJOR FROM INDIA.—We quite agree that it is extremely difficult to call a spade a spade when a small boy trips you up with one, and we consider that the little lad's mother was hypersensitive.

FAIR LADY.—We suppose that a brown face and brown arms are extremely awkward on a return to Town when you have to wear evening dress. We can only suggest that you make the rest of your visible self consistent by means of one of the many excellent brown boot polishes now on the market.

JULIA.—To cure a wasp sting on the nose wear a blue-bag for seven days, and, if you do not think about it, the fever will soon allay itself.

AUNTIE.—How can you prevent your hair getting wet when you bathe? By leaving it in the machine, surely.

ERMYNTRUDE is feeling run down, and has been ordered sea air, but is afraid of spoiling her delicate complexion, which is so much admired. Ermyntrude must choose stuffy lodgings well away from the sea front, and sit indoors with the blinds down and the windows shut during the whole of her holiday. Her complexion should not come to much harm then.

PATERFAMILIAS.—It is most unfortunate that you should, while bathing, have sat down heavily on a jelly-fish, and that the bad-tempered creature should have stung you through your costume. A scientist tells us that this was not previously known to be possible, and we hope you will be able, in spite of the pain and inconvenience which you are suffering, to extract some consolation from the thought that you have added to the sum of the world's knowledge.

EDIE is all excitement as she is just going for her first motor tour. Should she take her sketch-book with her? No, Edie, you need not take your sketch-book, as no self-respecting

motorist ever stops to look at the beastly scenery.

NEUROTICUS.—There is only one means of stopping your dog barking for stones to be thrown into the sea. You must keep on throwing them in.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.—Certainly insist on the man who lets out his canoe to you placing a lifeboat on board in case the canoe should founder.

SWEET AUBURN.—The only effective way to keep off those ugly freckles is to wear a mask. You can get a quite amusing one at a toy shop for a few pence; ask for the sort that are the vogue at the beginning of November. We know a lady who wore one last summer, and attracted a large amount of attention, and no freckles.

FORCED TO ECONOMISE.—Dry your eyes. Though you may not be able to rent that trout stream, read the following, which we extract from *Places of Interest on the London and Tilbury and Southend Railway*:—"CANVEY ISLAND. —If one likes fishing there are oysters, mussels, cockles, winkles, and shrimps in plenty to be obtained at low tide on Canvey's firm hard sands."

TOLD TO THE CHILDREN.

THE EUGENISTS.

HARRY BUSS was a nice young man. He had played Rugby Football for Cambridge, and had also rowed in the Cambridge Boat. He was strong and handsome, and his mother was an old lady of sixty. She loved him and had brought him up very well. He himself was thirty, and was making £2,000 a year in the City. Yesterday he had met Lady Angelina Clanpoppet and had asked her to marry him, and first she had said, "This is so sudden," and then she had said, "Yes," and then they had talked about the honeymoon.

So to-night he was sitting in his sitting-room and was thinking happy thoughts about Lady Angelina. When he had done this for some time he took up *The Times* and read it, and he saw an account of what is called the Eugenics Congress. The Eugenics Congress is a lot of people who are not going to let you marry whom you like, but it must be somebody else, and they are going to take children from their parents and bring them up differently. Some of their names are Mr. BLEEKER VAN WAGENEN, Sir RICKMAN GODLEE, Dr. SOREN HENSEN, Sir T. VEZEY STRONG, Dr. BEATTIE CROZIER, Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE, and Sir KRISHNA GUPTA. Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE has written a long letter about it to tell you how she is going to manage all your troubles for you by not letting you do anything you want, because things you want are not good for her and Sir KRISHNA GUPTA.

Well, at last Harry put the paper down, and as he did so the clock struck nine, and he said to himself, "It is not late; I will go to 85, Berkeley Square, where my Angelina lives, and will spend an hour or two in her delightful company." So he took his hat and his umbrella and went out at his front door. He had not walked very far along the Cromwell Road when he was suddenly seized from behind by a policeman, who said to him, in a gruff voice, "I arrest you by order of the Eugenics Society. Will you come quietly, or must I put the bracelets on?"

"I will come quietly," said Harry, whose blood was boiling in his veins at the insult; "but pray tell me what is the cause of my arrest, for I am an innocent man and cannot guess why I am treated thus."

"That," said the constable, "you will learn at the police-station to which I am about to conduct you," and he hailed a taxi-cab and away they drove.

They soon reached a gloomy building before which the cab stopped, and Harry's guardian ushered him firmly into a large room filled with policemen and Inspectors of Eugenics, the latter being dressed in maroon velvet cloaks and black masks. The chief policeman ordered Harry to be brought to his table and thus addressed him:—

"Sir," he said, "I will do everything in my power to mitigate the dreadful situation in which you have placed yourself. It is, however, my duty to inform you that the case against you looks very black. You are charged"—and here he read from a document that lay before him—"with having contracted an engagement to marry the Lady Angelina Clanpoppet without having previously, as the law directs, obtained the permission of the Eugenics Officer for your district. You are further charged with having yourself suffered from measles at the age of ten and from scarlet fever at the age of thirteen; and with having had a father who was known to have drunk two glasses of port wine at a sitting in the year 1900. It is alleged also that your mother is liable to attacks of influenza and cannot read small print without the aid of spectacles. Your paternal grandfather, it is stated, lost an arm in the Zulu war, and there is necessarily a predisposition amongst

his descendants to be born with only one arm. These are the chief counts in the indictment that is to be laid against you."

"This," said Harry, "is indeed dreadful, for I cannot dispute the truth of what you say. Is there then no hope?"

"But little," said the officer in a tone in which pity strove with severity. "Nor is this all. Your accomplice, the Lady Angelina, has for the moment escaped, but she cannot fail to be captured within an hour. Against her too there are terrible charges. Her mother's father had fifteen children, all of whom at one time or another had colds and coughs. Her father has had at least one attack of gout, and she herself was kept indoors for more than a week with an attack of mumps, which rendered her not merely ill, but also displeasing to the eye. My dear Sir," he continued, "it is useless to disguise from you that, if all these charges be proved, the rest of your life and hers will be spent in the rigorous confinement of a prison cell. Even should you pledge yourselves to abandon all design of a union with one another, you will be sentenced to a minimum of fourteen years' penal servitude."

At this moment the voice of Lady Angelina was suddenly heard protesting shrilly in the corridor. At the sound Harry's self-control deserted him. He sprang violently at the throat of the nearest Inspector of Eugenics, grappled with him in a death-struggle—and woke up in an agony of terror and anger in his own sitting-room.

BY THE ROMAN ROAD.

THE wind it sang in the pine-tops, it sang like a humming harp;

The smell of the sun on the bracken was wonderful sweet and sharp.

As sharp as the piney needles, as sweet as the gods were good,

For the wind it sung of the old gods, as I came through the wood!

It sung how long ago the Romans made a road,
And the gods came up from Italy and found them an abode.

It sang of the wayside altars (the pine-tops sighed like the surf),

Of little shrines uplifted, of stone and scented turf,
Of youths divine and immortal, of maids as white as the snow

That glimmered among the thickets a mort of years ago!

All in the cool of dawn, all in the twilight grey,
The gods came up from Italy along the Roman way!

The altar smoke it has drifted and faded afar on the hill;
No wood-nymphs haunt the hollows; the reedy pipes are still;

No more the youth Apollo shall walk in his sunshine clear;
No more the maid Diana shall follow the fallow-deer
(The woodmen grew so wise, the woodmen grew so old,
The gods went back to Italy—or so the story's told!).

But the woods are full of voices and of shy and secret things—

The badger down by the brook-side, the flick of a woodcock's wings,

The plump of a falling fir-cone, the pop of the sun-ripe pods,
And the wind that sings in the pine-tops the song of the ancient gods—

The song of the wind that says the Romans made a road,
And the gods came up from Italy and found them an abode!



Casual Angler (who has left the packing of impedimenta to boy). "HAVEN'T SEEN NO ROD, HAVEN'T YOU? WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU THINK I WAS GOING TO CATCH FISH WITH THEN?" Boy. "I THOUGHT YOU CATCHED 'EM WITH THIS 'ERE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If anyone, judging only by the cover and the headings of the chapters, should take up *The Awakening of England* (NELSON) in the expectation of finding a series of impressionist word-pictures of country scenery, his own awakening would certainly be abrupt. For Mr. F. E. GREEN's method is by no means impressionist, nor does his word-painting concern itself with the country as a thing of beauty, but rather as a productive and industrial joy for ever. Back to the land, in short, is the text upon which he has worked out a very trenchant and vigorous indictment of modern rural conditions. The publishers say that he has approached the subject without bias, but, though this is to a certain extent true, you will not have accompanied Mr. GREEN far upon his rustic excursions before you find that the Parson, and generally the stratum of society represented by the Squire and his relations, are regarded by him with something rather less than affection. Of course there are exceptions, duly acknowledged by name and address, but for the most part the rural powers, especially large farmers, or owners responsible for preserving, come in for a good deal of antagonism and hard speaking. It is a little startling, moreover, to the indolent lover of solitude to find some exquisite and deserted landscape moving Mr. GREEN to fury, while a quite hideous collection of slate-roofed cottages is photographed as the ideal contrast. This, however, is a sentimental objection, with which the author has small concern; and even those for whom Mr. GREEN's crusade has its sinister aspect must at least admit that he has made it interesting.

I have come to the conclusion that all little girls ought to be christened *Elizabeth*. I am not in love with the name, and the possibility of its becoming *Lizzie* is formidable, but there is something about it that seems to guarantee success in life for its owner. Among all the *Elizabeths* of recent fiction there has scarcely been a failure, and the last of them, *Elizabeth in Retreat* (LANE), is more than up to the mark. Charming idly and wayward, cool (I suspect) on the hottest day in summer, delightfully selfish and as amusing as she is amused about everything, here is a lady who should instantly appeal to every right-thinking man in this age of female activity, seriousness and militancy. Spoilt by her husband, her children and herself, she sits in the background and watches events at her ease, doing such good as she does to her fellow-creatures inadvertently and by the way; and at the rustic retreat of her choice there is much to watch, more especially the tragedy of an unhappy *Prudence* bound to a wreck of a man by a bond which is itself a shame.

All the superlatives having long ago been used up and squandered upon the undeserving, it is difficult to hit upon such an expression of praise as the reading public will take without a pinch of salt. MARGARET WESTRUP (Mrs. W. SYDNEY STACEY) must take the will for the deed, and content herself with the one specific encomium that the character of *Evelyn Wingfield* is no less than a stroke of genius. And to all others to whom these presents may come I say, "Believe me or not as you please, but this is the best novel of the year that has come my way."

I have always liked Mrs. EVERARD COTES's work, but I have read *The Consort* with a feeling that this is not quite

the same SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN that used to charm me by the fresh simplicity and unexpected humour of her art. "A little man married to a great woman," says Messrs. STANLEY PAUL's published estimate of the book. I concede the littleness of the man (though he is the only one of the characters to whom I feel at all drawn), but I am not so sure about the greatness of the woman. The daughter of a famous banking-house, she was fabulously rich, had a house in Arlington Street, and knew everyone, from the members of the Cabinet to those wedded ornaments of the State Labour Party, the *Gommies*, whom I seem to have met already in *The New Machiavelli* as well as in real life. There are, in fact, too many of these portraits of living people in the book, including a heaven-born editor for whom Mr. GARVIN might have sat without any elaborate make-up. But I cannot for the life of me make out why all these clever people gathered round Mrs. Pargeter like wasps at tea-time round the marmalade sandwiches. To my mind she is neither attractive nor clever, and I can't help feeling that in trying to reach all these imaginary big-wigs Mrs. COTES has got a little out of her depth. Her picture of the rather paltry intrigues of Party life makes one feel that politicians, like the conies, are feeble folk. But that doesn't prove that it isn't true.

From the volume of essays which Sir FRANK SWETTENHAM has freakishly called *Also and Perhaps* (LANE) I have gained much instruction and entertainment, and also a little irritation. The author has observed life in

many comparatively unknown places, and if at times his writing is cramped by a kind of sentimental cynicism, which one feels is more affected than real, this defect is only present in the least valuable essays of his book. I can imagine him saying to himself, "I will just show you that I can write this modern dialogue as well as any of you—so here goes"; but the fact remains that his efforts in this direction are very far from being his happiest. For the rest, however, I do not want (or expect) to find a more engaging writer. "Dodo Island" contains a long quotation of such genuine humour that to have rescued it is an achievement in itself. Although in this sketch Sir FRANK apologises almost humbly for mentioning history, in "Tamarin and Île de la Passe" he becomes an historian unashamed—and a most attractive one. "The Kris Incarnadine" provided me with a more grizzly sensation than I have been able to conjure up for many years, and "Disbelief in the Unseen" ought to be read aloud daily to those obnoxious people who cannot bring themselves to believe in anything that does not take place within a stone's-throw of their parish pump.

I remember one occasion very well when ANNE OF AUSTRIA was in the utmost danger, and when her parlous

state thrilled me to the core. That was a little affair of diamond studs, and it necessitated M. D'Artagnan's travelling to England to interview Milord of Buckingham, and leaving his three brave companions stretched out in various stages of puncture and collapse *en route*. And now it would appear on the authority of HUGH FRASER and Mrs. HUGH FRASER, who write *The Queen's Peril* (HUTCHINSON), that her most capricious Majesty got herself into a very awkward predicament at a much earlier date than this. She was kidnapped, it seems, by the Duc de Brienne, and only saved by the devotion of Solange de Luz, her favourite maid of honour, who impersonated her before the whole Court and Louis himself, and by the courage of Raoul de l'Etour, that young lady's lover, who killed the wicked duke and brought the queen home safely to Paris disguised and on a donkey's back. The incidents in *The Queen's Peril* are lively enough, and I have no fault to find with its historical atmosphere, but the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, *parbleu!* There was just a single moment when I

felt the blood leap, and that was when "there emerged from under the colonnade some twenty files of mousquetaires in all their gallantry of buff surcoats and gold-embroidered baldrics and costly weapons." It was early days for D'Artagnan; but who knows? Athos, even Porthos, may have been there. But, alas! if they were they gave no sign.

I have learnt a simple and effective way of recovering money on an I.O.U. All the creditor has to do is to wait,

looking through the window, while the debtor packs his ready cash in a bag; then slip in through the front-door (carelessly left open), collar the bag, and drive off in the debtor's motor car, which by this time has come round from the stables and is waiting outside. This is what Elsa Armandy did in *The Villa Mystery* (PAUL), by Mr. HERBERT FLOWERDEW. But pause, reader, before you imitate her. Do not forget that, immediately after you have got away with the swag, some third party may murder the debtor and disappear, leaving you to be suspected. This also happened to Elsa. Fortunately for her the case was handed over to Inspector Creed, a man who would not have found a clue if it had been handed to him on a plate with water-cress round it; and all ended happily. Towards the author of the frankly sensational novel my attitude is that of some indulgent old uncle towards a favourite nephew. I forgive him everything so long as he does not bore me. And Mr. FLOWERDEW never does. Consequently, though in this story he uses the long arm freely, and though my piercing intelligence enabled me to spot the right murderer as early as Chapter X., I have no complaint to make. If *The Villa Mystery* has not the merit of the same author's *Maynard's Wives* or *The Second Elopement*, it is at any rate a good workmanlike yarn of its kind.



BUSINESS ENTERPRISE IN THE PAST.

I.—A CARTOGRAPHER SELLING A MAP OF THE WORLD TO A CRUSADER.